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Reedy's
MIRROR

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SWINBURNE AS I KNEW HIM by Coulson Kernahan. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.25.

Mr. Kernahan gives a slight and rather deferential depiction of his poet-subject and of his guardian-friend Watts-Dunton. In the volume are included some pleasant little letters of the poet to his cousin, Lady Henniker-Heaton.

SONGS FROM THE JOURNEY by Wilton Agnew Barrett. New York: George H. Doran Co. A first volume of poems, songs and dreams.

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STORMS OF YOUTH by Viola Roseboro. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.75.

A story of love and politics in a small town on the North and South borderline. Young blood runs hot and color conflict quickens its pace.

PLAYS: FOURTH SERIES by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.50.

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rich; and "The Skin Game" is a tragi-comedy involving a real estate deal. With each of the plays is given the original cast of characters. And each play may be purchased separately at one dollar.

THE OLD FARMER AND HIS ALMANACK by George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Observations on life and manners in New England a hundred years ago suggested by reading the earlier numbers of Robert B. Thomas' "Farmer's Almanack," publication of which was begun in 1792 and curious extracts from which are incorporated in this work. It is altogether delightful with its side lights on the history and customs of early Americans. Illustrated with reproductions of old engravings. Indexed.

THE OPEN VISION by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

A study of psychic phenomena by the author of "A History of the New Thought Movement."

THE FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM by E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Major Powell made a tour of the section from the Alps to the Aegean, including Trentino, Fiume, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Albania, Macedonia, Constantinople, Rumania and Serbia, as a guest of the Italian government, primarily to investigate the Fiume question. On this latter question he finds the Italians in the wrong. Rumania is governed by a clique of unscrupulous and unpatriotic politicians. Other countries fare little better. The account is entertainingly written, with not too much of statistics but many plain facts. Illustrated.

THE ROAMER AND OTHER POEMS by George Edward Woodberry. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe, \$1.75.

The title poem has engaged the labor of the author for twenty years, being a record of the soul's progress in which are summarized the religious, social and aesthetic ideals of the age. In addition there is a group of sonnets "Ideal Passion;" and "War Lyrics" which constitute the author's poetical reaction to the events of the past five years.

THE BRIDE IN BLACK by Lillia Shaw Hus- ted. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.60.

Because fate compelled her to marry a man who, never having seen her, didn't want to marry her, she vowed that he should never see her face, and wore a mask during the ceremony. Then she ran away. The story unravels the mystery, affording the reader several thrills.

PASSION by Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

The story of the struggle between idealism and materialism, art and commerce, purity and passion, democracy and Big Business, Christ and Nietzsche, as exemplified in the life of a young man told with masterly skill. Reviewed at length in REEDY'S MIRROR of June 10.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS by Louis Howland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

This and the preceding volume are of the Figures from American History series. Douglas, as one of the most important men of the civil war and reconstruction periods, was recognized by his contemporaries at his proper valuation. This work designs to present him in the same light to later generations. Indexed.

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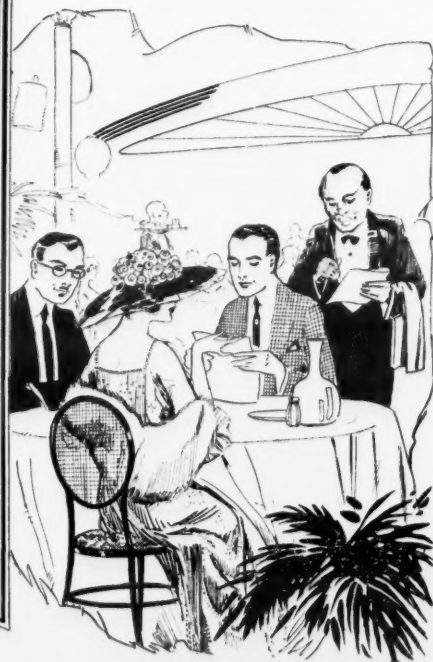
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Golden Gate Gestation

By William Marion Reedy

OFF for San Francisco! What will happen there one can only guess. I doubt that Mr. Bryan can rule at the Golden Gate as he did at Baltimore, when he dashed the cup of victory from the lips of Champ Clark. He has not another Wilson to swing to. He won't be able to get the convention to go back on Wilson as to the peace treaty. He will spring a dry plank, not that he hopes to put it over, but to shut out a wet one. He has no promising candidate to impose upon the delegates by his popular prestige and his eloquence.

I think the declaration of Mr. McAdoo that he is not a candidate is on the level. I think further the delegates will assume it is, if it is not. They will do this gladly, because they don't want a nominee who would be called "the Crown Prince." They realize for instance that there is more opposition to Mr. Wilson than there is to the idea of a League of Nations, and that the party will be better off without Mr. Wilson's son-in-law as the candidate. The McAdoo declination clears up the situation nicely, relieving it of "too much Wilson." The nomination is not likely to be forced upon McAdoo.

Mr. John W. Davis, now ambassador to Great Britain, is touted as the President's choice for the nomination, but throughout the country, except among the big lawyers, he is not known at all. The Democratic senators will be a big factor at San Francisco as were the Republican senators at Chicago, and it is a fact that Democratic senators do not love Wilson, not even the Southern senators who back him up on the treaty. They will not incline to take Davis on the President's order. At this writing I cannot see him as the nominee.

As for Wilson himself for a third term candidate, how can the Democrats swallow a third term after all they said about such a proposal as to Grant, and later, as to Roosevelt? We may as well dismiss that dream.

A compromise candidate is the tip—a compromise between the Solid South and the West, with the East not caring much for Edwards of New Jersey, and less for Palmer of Pennsylvania. With McAdoo out, Cox of Ohio has the best chance, but Bryan has damned him as a wet, and unacceptable to dry moral sentiment. This leaves Marshall the most available man, provided Mr. Bryan doesn't veto him too. As to other possibilities and probabilities, I discuss them in other paragraphs.

How about Mr. Bryan himself? Can he do for himself what he did for Wilson at Baltimore in 1912? It is not likely. There is a deeper antagonism to Bryan in the party than ever since 1896. He can hardly sweep the wets off their feet. He cannot repeat the magnificent feat of the crown-of-thorns and cross-of-gold speech. He has no Champ Clark to throw over, as at Baltimore.

Missouri will be more honorably in the foreground at San Francisco than at Chicago, because Senator Reed will probably sit with the Missouri delegation and will not be choked off as Senator Johnson was at Chicago. The

state delegation will not exclude him, if his district insists it will have no other man in his place.

I don't think the Democrats will give us much of an Irish independence plank. It cannot, consistently with a proposal to support the treaty without nullifying or debilitating reservations. The President's interview with Frank Walsh in Paris shows that Wilson was not thinking of Ireland when he was talking about self-determination for small nations. The best Ireland will get is a lick and a promise and a pious wish.

The platform will probably do better for labor than the Republicans did, but I don't look to see them denounce the arbitration clause of the Esch-Cummins bill. Labor does not command the attention it once did, for its demands have been made to appear responsible for the high cost of living.

The convention will be controlled, if at all, by the President and his appointees, but the control will not go very deep. The party simply cannot turn down his peace treaty, but it won't accept his candidate, if he has one. And it won't accept Mr. Bryan's dry plank, whatever that may be. That can be defeated by a majority vote. At the same time it is doubtful that a wet resolution or even a moist one can be adopted.

The Democrats have higher hopes of success than they had before the nomination of Harding and Coolidge. They will try to declare more definitely for a league of nations than the Republicans declared against one. They will be more positive than the Republicans dared to be negative. But the nominee for President—he may be anybody between Brand Whitlock and John W. Davis—the candidate of REEDY'S MIRROR and the candidate of the New York Times. He will not be Mitchell Palmer.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Peace in the Votive

WHERE is Peace? Not in Ireland surely, for the rebellion is on there with a sweep and ferocity of revolt and suppression which not even the censorship can wholly conceal. Not on Poland's borders where the battle rages with alternating victory and defeat between the Poles and the Bolsheviks. Not in Turkey where the young Taurians are so strong that British forces are mobilized by land and sea against them. Not in Persia, where British troops have been repulsed by Russians. Not in Afghanistan, where the mountain men are moving against India. Nearer home, relations are strained between Great Britain and France because the latter suspects the former's design to compromise with Lenin and to relieve the pressure upon Germany. The Czechs are on the edge of war with the Poles. A French force has been compelled to withdraw from Thrace, where the people are in arms against occupation by the Greeks, among whom Venizelos is trying to smother a revolution while leading a war on Turkey with

approval of the Supreme Council. India seethes and Egypt sulks with discontent. Rumania protests over the division of her oil resources between England and France. The League of Nations and the Supreme Council do nothing. The League to put an end to war permits France to finance Poland's war and Great Britain to wink at it, even while negotiating commercial deals with the Soviet power. The three allied powers that rule the world—Great Britain, France and Italy—are ruling it by dicker among themselves, for oil here, for the Romanoff gold there, but they are not making a peace. The League takes no notice of the wars now going on, under any article of the League covenant. None of the smaller nations in the League, Switzerland, Norway, Holland, dares move to bring the wars up for action. And the news comes that Germany is not disarming as she agreed. The older governments do not seem to care for peace, all fishing for advantage in troubled waters. The one best recent move for peace was when British workers refused to let a ship clear for Poland bearing munitions. This necessarily suggests that maybe the one way to peace is through the general strike of the international laborites, but a general strike means certainly not domestic peace. The League is futile without the one strong possible member, dissociated from European ambitions, who might bring the question of stopping all the little wars before the League, under Article XI. So Peace is "in the vocative."

The Pocket Veto

ADVISED by his Attorney General that he could have legally signed the water power bill and the bill repealing most of the war measures, which he let die because, as he said, they did not reach him in time, the President nevertheless did not sign them within the time the Attorney General said the law allowed for action. The President evidently thinks he knows the law better than his Attorney General does. The bills were universally deemed good, although there is some ground for believing the water power bill is tenderer towards big landed interests than regardful of the people's rights in natural resources. The Presidential pocket veto killed them, with an excuse his chief law-officer says is not good in law. The President is disingenuously determined, in particular, that the White Terror shall not be abolished, though war laws have been wiped out in Great Britain, France and Italy to a great extent. Amnesty to political prisoners has been granted in all those countries. They have removed war restrictions upon free speech. The war is over in all the allied countries but it is still on here—against our own people.

Tom Marshall's Boom

No one should be in the least surprised if there develops at San Francisco quite a boom for Tom Marshall of Indiana now Vice-President. New York may be found lined up for him with Indiana and he may get votes as a moist candidate from the wets who have now no hopes of Governor Edwards of New Jersey. At first the country laughed at Marshall because he laughed at himself, but latterly many Democrats found out that he is an old-fashioned Democrat who has a sound view of democracy, as meaning personal liberty. Indiana has been of old to the Democratic what Ohio has been to the Republican party. Undoubtedly the most possessed followers of President Wilson were inclined to support Mc-

Adoo. The semi or demi-insurgents are for Cox. Should there be occasion for a compromise Marshall would be a likely man upon whom to agree, if Mr. Bryan can be conceived as standing for any moisture whatever. Palmer is out of it. Mr. Bryan cannot put over Secretary of Agriculture Meredith. His next choice is that good man, Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, who is a bit too far both South and West in the opinion of the cognoscenti. Wherefore, keep your eye on Marshall.

The Treaty at the Golden Gate

If it be true, as he is said to think it is, that Mr. Bryan will control the committee on resolutions at San Francisco, then the Democratic convention will not declare for ratification of the peace treaty as submitted by President Wilson. Mr. Bryan favors ratification with reservations, even, as I understand it, with the Lodge reservations. It is doubtful however that Mr. Bryan can put over anything in the convention that the President doesn't want, and the Democratic treaty plank will in effect declare, as a compromise, for the treaty with any reservations which the President will accept as being not calculated to nullify the instrument as he interprets it.

The Fight on Senator Spencer

In all the Republican hubbub over the proposal to get rid of the men Babler, Morse, Goldstein, Moore, et al., who took Lowden's \$38,000 for the Missouri delegation to Chicago and then failed to deliver what they were paid for, there is more of a purpose to defeat Senator Spencer for renomination than to punish the men who sold out the party. Senator Spencer voted to override the presidential veto of the Volstead act, and the "wets" want to "get him." The news end of the *Globe-Democrat* is sloppy "wet," and the *Globe-Democrat* is throwing it into Spencer. The big fight for a house-cleaning is chiefly led by Mr. James L. Minnis, a candidate against Spencer. National Committeeman Babler was for Spencer and is said to have given \$300 to his campaign. No sane person thinks that Spencer would be in with the hold up of Lowden, for such a small share of the spoils as \$300. The Babler-Morse crowd is against Spencer because he didn't vote for Babler's retention as National Committeeman, and the house-cleaners are against him because he didn't vote to oust Babler. Spencer makes the plea that he didn't vote at all because he is a member of the Senate investigating committee still sitting on the Babler case, among others. That is not a dishonorable attitude. Senator Spencer has returned \$100 of the \$300 he received from Babler saying that much of it he understands to have been from Babler, while the remainder was contributed by other persons to or through Babler, and was not Lowden money. If the Babler machine was originally for Spencer's renomination, it is not now, apparently, and Spencer's return of Babler's \$100 is evidence that Spencer is not for the Babler machine. All factions are trying to unload on Spencer, and all this is helping the cause of Spencer's rivals, Messrs. Dwight Davis and James L. Minnis. It is doing more than that: it is helping the cause of Judge H. S. Priest, the moist, anti-League Democrat who is opposing for nomination Messrs. Breckenridge Long and Mr. Charles M. Hay, an apostle of Saharan siccancy. The wet Republicans will vote for Priest in the primary, especially as the Lowden money scandal has destroyed all Repub-

lican hope of carrying the state this year, and Priest is such an able and engaging man he will win a lot of wet Democratic support as against Mr. Long who hedges upon and Hay who declares boldly for prohibition. Moreover he will get a good anti-British vote from the Irish and the German Democrats. Spencer was a mild reservationist as to the treaty and the Germanic vote of Missouri in the Republican party will go against him too. The Senator is running on a heavy track, just now, with both the Bablerians and anti-Bablerians on his back, but he is not showing much loss of wind thus far. The wets are making trouble for him in both factions. Essentially his trouble is his vote against the veto of the Volstead act. The friendship of Babler is simply another club with which to belabor him. If Spencer be defeated we may look for a decided subsidence of the indignation of a lot of politicians against Babler, Morse, Goldstein, Moore and others, who got their share of Lowden's \$38,000, paid for the Missouri delegation's vote at Chicago.

Gompers' Thirty-Ninth Term

For the 39th time Samuel Gompers has been elected President of the American Federation of Labor. With whatever faults, he is a grand old man. If another than he had been at the head of the Federation at our involvement in the war I doubt if conscription would have gone over as smoothly as it did or that there would have been as little labor trouble as there was during the war.

Gompers was English born and he is a conservative. He opposes a Labor party in politics. To some extent I disagree with him as to that, believing that a Labor party, with such vision as that of the Labor party in England, would make for both political and economic progress, but so far as I can see, the labor leaders who want a Labor party here are not thinkers like the leaders in England, and they are chiefly agitating for political action with no nobler end in view than getting control of the Federation of Labor machine. The re-election of Gompers shows they have failed in that purpose, even though Frank Morrison, secretary of the Federation went with them in voting for government ownership of the railroads, in spite of Gompers' warning that government ownership would end strikes, even as Briand ended a big railroad strike in France by calling the workers to the colors. The Republican platform declaration that there can be no strikes against the government was support for Gompers' argument, but the Plumb Plan Leaguers would not heed it.

Gompers has lost radical support because of his war record, because of his disapproval of the Boston police strike and his less than lukewarmness towards the ill-prepared steel strike and his condemnation of strikes against railroads in violation of union contracts, but he has in the main kept the Federation together and checked the fissiparative tendencies in the union ranks and made it easier for unionism to do business with employers, by his stand in favor of living up to agreements. There has been a decided slump, of public opinion away from support of unionism, as a result of the strikes referred to, but it would have been much more extensive had it not been for Gompers' opposition to or discouragement of those demonstrations. Gompers has made it impossible to call all unionism Bolshevism, and this is a time when calling names counts heavily, if there be any chance to prove the implications of the epithets.

The veteran leaders' conservatism amounts, as I believe, to this, that he does not want to

get too far ahead of the greater part of his army and take the chance of its being so spread out that it can be split up and cut off by the enemy in sections. His re-election shows that most of his followers are faithful and trustful of him in the main, though they did disregard him in voting for government ownership of the railroads. Even on this latter point the unions will conform to Gompers' plan of campaign this year and put the old party candidates to the quiz as to that issue in all the congressional districts. If a new party declares for government ownership, individual unionists can and will vote for that party, but such action will not make a Labor party of the Federation. Gompers, partly right and partly wrong though he be, has not lost the confidence and affection of his organization. If he had, the membership would not have voted to increase his salary from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year.

I have tried here, so far as possible, to see the situation as Gompers sees it, and while I am not quite sure that he is not right in placing little trust in political action in the mass, I wish he would carry through further and get his organization into action for economic advancement on principles running deeper than the wage question to be settled by collective bargaining. For collective bargaining will not settle the wage question. Nothing will settle it but the abolition of all privilege and, primarily, the one great first privilege—private monopoly of the land and its natural resources, which bottoms all other forms of privilege, except, possibly, patent monopoly. Samuel Gompers knows this, for he learned it in the days long ago when he used to ride the bicycle in company with Henry George. Because he knows it, he is opposed to Socialism, but, knowing it, he should be more of a come-outer for it. His only excuse is that he deems it unwise to go, as I said before, faster and farther than his wage-minded organization will follow him. He cannot lead into the right course, but he keeps his forces from going too far astray from individualism. He is what he is, and if he hears no call to be a martyr, it is not for me, at least, to cry out that he shall be thrown to the lions to make a holiday for those "intellectuals" who would have him fall down and adore a false god out of state machinery.

A New Party?

ABOUT one week from today we shall know whether it is worth while to talk seriously about putting up a party other than the Socialist to get the votes of the disaffected in the two old parties. There would be no need of such a party if the Socialists had not opposed the war. The vast majority of disaffected Democrats and Republicans are not anti-nationalistic and therefore will not turn readily to the Socialist ticket when they want to register the disapproval of the older parties. But for this fact and the general belief that Socialism is atheist and free-love, all the kickers in both parties would turn to the Socialists. If the Democrats don't come out convincingly against profiteering and universal compulsory military service, and for the immediate restoration of civil liberties and some approach to the democratization of industry they will lose many votes to a new party. They will lose more on those issues than upon what they may do as to the peace treaty. We shall have to wait and see what is in the platform Mr. Glass will bring west with him, and what Mr. Bryan may add to or subtract from it, before we can tell

whether there will be a new party worth worrying about. If there is to be a new party, the La Follette platform, which I printed about two months ago, will serve as a basis for the formulations and fulminations of all the disaffected who cannot abide the word Socialism, though I doubt that La Follette himself will consent to be a candidate for the presidency on it.

Is St. Louis Flat Broke?

Is the City of St. Louis "broke?" One would think so when the people of the City Hall, confronted with the probability of lack of money sufficient to meet this month's payroll, are discussing the proposal to take money out of the city's sinking fund. It is said the city's law officers hold that this can be done, but I doubt it. The sinking fund is provided to meet interest and eventually principal on the city's indebtedness. If the money is spent the payments cannot be made. If the sinking fund is impaired or depleted it would seem that the city violates its contractual obligations to the holders of the bonds. The sinking fund is a trust fund and is usually held sacred. It is crazy financiering to dip into such a fund in order to meet current expenses. When that course is taken the indications are that the city is bankrupt.

Such a proposal as the one recently made would ordinarily cause an uproar in any community, but, here, nobody pays any attention to it. The administration is not even mildly criticized for the plight to which the city has been brought. It may not be that such a condition implies wasteful extravagance upon the part of the city officials, but certainly it shows a lack of foresight in cutting the coat to fit the cloth. All the City Fathers have joined with other men of light and leading in preaching economy to the people, but when all the revenue has been eaten up and the sinking fund must be tapped to carry on the city's ordinary business, the conclusion is that there has been no proper economy exercised at the City Hall. And it is no excuse at all for the responsible officials to point out, for instance, that Chicago is "broke" too.

It is time for the people of St. Louis to pay some attention to the city's affairs. The Republican administration has been running wild financially as in other respects. Its machine is highly prosperous. Some of its members have been shown to be "in on" some nice contracts. The crowd in control has grown careless in its strength. It has made a joke of the circuit courts and it is making a disaster of the city's finances. It is about time for a house-cleaning that will sweep the crowd out of power.

Republican rule has lasted too long because of the absence of an intelligent opposition and the result is the foul scandal of the sale of the state's vote in the Republican presidential campaign, the disgust of the bar over the fact that the police court is the door to the circuit bench, the revelation that the city's revenues have been so expended that the sinking fund must be raided. This city has become a private snap for its office-holding horde. It is the oyster of the Republican Central Committee. The hour has come for popular action to restore the city to its people and re-establish clean government, and there is no occasion to waste time in trying to determine whether conditions, as we find them at the City Hall, are the effect of incompetence or corruption. From all we have learned lately concerning the Lowden deal the politics of the Republican party is both incompetent and corrupt, and

that politics has been played by city as well as country politicians.

The disorganization of the local Democracy has fostered the carelessness of Republican rule. If the Democrats cannot get an organization that will command more confidence than is given its present City Central Committee, perhaps it would be well to get under way a citizens movement of a non-partisan character to the end of ousting the Republican crowd next April. If something be not done, not only the sinking fund may vanish but the waterworks, the court house and the City Hall may be sold to private speculators as fore-runners of the present administration contemplated doing about the time that Joseph Wingate Folk as Circuit Attorney erupted upon the scene and destroyed Fort Boodle. Citizens should get busy for a reform movement before the sinking fund is *spurlos versenkt*. A gang that will sell out a state's vote will sell out the city, if it gets half a chance.

MR. HOOVER comes out strong for Harding, who stands for everything against which the greater part of Hoover's following stood opposed. Well, when Hoover first loomed as a presidential possibility, a very good judge of men said to me: "Keep off of Hoover. He never looks you in the eye when he's talking with you."

We Drop Back Two Pegs

DETROIT and Cleveland have passed St. Louis in population. From fourth we fall to sixth place on the roster of cities. This would not have happened if we had gone in for annexation as other cities have done. It might not have happened had we found a way to utilize water transportation as Detroit and Cleveland used it. But it has happened; what is to be done? The first thing I would do, if mine were the power, would be to abolish all the business taxes and licenses that are imposed here. I doubt if any such toll upon industry and service is imposed upon business in any other city in the Union. Furthermore, there are too many restrictions of Missouri law upon capital seeking employment in this commonwealth. For one thing those laws have prevented the proper development of interurban communication in this state, with the result that a commercially and industrially backward *hinterland* retards the progress of the State's largest city. I should say too that St. Louis has not grown as it should have done because for thirty years it has been engaged in a fight with the railroads that serve it. That fight has been lost half a dozen times. Now it would seem to be in order for the city to try to come to some agreement with the railroads as to all matters at issue. We got rid of the arbitrary that once was levied on all goods entering the city, except coal. That was done by negotiation, arbitration, accommodation. The coal arbitrary can be abolished in the same way. We have found that the coal charge does not necessarily keep business away, because there is now building a new industrial city in the northwestern suburbs, but the roads that gave up the general freight arbitrary can give up the coal arbitrary too, though the Interstate Commerce Commission says it is legal. It is probable, by the way, that St. Louis would have made a better showing of population in the present census if Missouri as represented at Washington had been as a whole more thoroughly *en rapport* with the nation in the matter of the war. That representation certainly caused no generous ex-

penditure of the nation's money on war work in this neighborhood. Such expenditure helped draw much population and money to Detroit and Cleveland. I state the fact, no more. Still, St. Louis may not be so far behind Detroit next year as it is this year, for just now the railroads have to put extra cars on the trains leaving that city to accommodate the unemployed seeking work elsewhere. Cleveland's prosperity too, is a bit shaky. St. Louis' growth and increase have been steady and solid. St. Louis and Missouri need a more liberal spirit towards business—not that they should give up everything business may ask, for nothing. The state abominably overtaxes its chief city and at the same time checks rural development. The city has, too, many exactions upon business. It has not worked as it should for cheap water transportation. It has let its blighted areas spread while holding property high against industries proposing to come here. The hold-up of industry by dog-in-the-manger real estate speculators has built up a great city of three or four cities across the river, and blamed it all upon the Terminal Associations charge of 20 cents a ton upon Illinois coal shipped from within one hundred miles. St. Louis has stood in its own way and when it didn't, Missouri got in the way. State and local policies have worked a "hold-up," against business as bad as that carried on forty years ago by the James Boys and the Younger Brothers. There's too much politics here. That's why there are not more business and more population.

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TRUE to the expectation of the sophisticated, Mr. Wilson's health gets ferociously better as the Democratic convention comes near. It may be good enough for a third term boom yet.

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The Lynching Belt Moves North

THE lynching zone has moved as far north as Duluth. And negroes are said to have burned the American flag in Chicago the other day with the result that two of them were killed in a riot. The race war would seem to be coming on fast. It cannot be stopped by resolutions in Republican or other conventions. Nor can it be stopped by Federal wiping out of state authority to deal with lynchers. They only apparent cure is through generating a public opinion strong enough to prevent lynching. There is no way of mitigating horror and indignation against "the peculiar crime" by which lynching is justified, but negroes are lynched now for everything, anything and—nothing, in only too many instances. The negro leaders and press do not condone "the peculiar crime" but somehow in the analyses of the substance of negro leadership I have seen little insistence upon negro conduct calculated to mollify white hatred. The negro press has nothing but scorn for what the whites call "a good nigger"—meaning one who "keeps his place" as a far down inferior. The negro leaders like Burghardt Du Bois who hint at retaliation and insist upon something much like "social equality" are not making the race question any easier. They are by indirection generating passions which thousands of white men on their side of the line are trying to allay.

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BENEATH all the phraseology of Democratic spielers just now lies the one great hope—a moist plank that will win the Solid South and three or four big wet states of the East. Mr. Bryan is prepared to dash that hope at San Francisco.

Henry James, Playwright

By Silas Bent

ALTHOUGH Henry James seems always to have thought he had the makings of a great dramatist in him, it was not until he was forty-six, after his following as a novelist had begun to fall away, that he turned his attention in earnest to playwriting. He did it then with an apology and spoke of it as "my sawdust and orange-peel stage." His triumphant confidence that he had mastered the technique of the stage and his bitter disappointment at failure are described vividly in the "Letters," edited by Percy Lubbock and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The technique of dramatic composition is not, like the sonnet, an arbitrary didactic formula, but is an outgrowth of the limitations and necessities of that medium. The play, presented to a number of persons through the spoken word, has come to differ from the novel, which is presented to one person through the printed word, just as inevitably as the quadruped from the biped. They are alike as to vital organs, but vastly unlike in form. The dramatic is, in fact, the more "refractory" form; and the novelist who undertakes it is as much at a disadvantage as the painter who abandons his brush for the etcher's needle.

James said he wrote plays to make money. "Simplifying and chastening necessity," he told Robert Louis Stevenson, "has laid its brutal hand on me and I have had to try to make somehow or other the money I don't make by literature." This, as a matter of fact, was not true. James had an independent income, aside from any effort. And he was early enamored of the stage, its possibilities and its personalities. Even at thirty-five he wrote William James of his "most earnest and definite" intention to begin playwriting as soon as he could. "My inspection of the French theater will fructify," he said, and added, jestingly:

"I have thoroughly mastered Dumas, Augier and Sardou (whom it is greatly lacking in Howells—by the way—to have studied) and I know all they know and a great deal besides;" and a little later he wrote to Howells: "Happy man, to be going, like that, to see your own plays acted. It is a sensation I am dying (though not yet trying) to cultivate."

James even undertook a dramatic version of "Daisy Miller," and got it published subsequently in America. "I think with extraordinary tenderness," he wrote of it to Mrs. John L. Gardner, "of those two pretty little evenings when I read you my play. They make a charming picture—a perfect picture—in my mind, and the memory of them appeals to all that is most *raffiné* in my constitution." He told her to "drop a tear—a diminutive tear (as your tears must be—small but beautifully shaped pearls)" upon the fact that the play was not to be brought out in New York ("at least not for the present.") It might possibly see the light in London, he hoped; but it was never staged.

Of all the plays James wrote, at least seven in number, only two were produced. One was "The American" in dramatic form, which was presented by Edward Compton in the English provinces and ran two months in London. Compton took the leading part. The other was "Guy Domville," regarded by James's admirers as his best effort; which, although admirably staged and cast, ran but a month in London and then vanished. It was never published. Its failure in 1897 turned James back to fiction, when he was fifty-one years old, and thereafter some of his most noteworthy novels were written.

In the provinces "The American" had some success, and James wrote exultingly to his sister Alice, who had read and praised the manuscript: "For what encourages me in the whole business is that, as the piece stands, there is not, in its felicitous form, the ghost of a 'fluke' or a mere chance: it is all 'art' and an absolute address of means to the end—the end, viz., of meeting exactly the immediate, actual,

intense British conditions, both subjective and objective, and of acting in (to a minute, including *entr'actes*) two hours and $\frac{3}{4}$. Ergo, I can do a dozen more infinitely better; and I am excited to think how much, since the writing of this one piece has been an education to me, a little further experience will do for me." He said even inferior acting "won't and can't kill it," and expressed confidence that it would "keep the stage" even "after any first vogue it may have had, has passed away."

"I feel at last," he told William James, "as if I had found my *real* form, which I am capable of carrying far, and for which the pale little art of fiction, as I have practiced it, has been for me but a limited and restricted substitute. The strange thing is that I always, universally, knew *this* was my more characteristic form—but was kept away from it by a half-modest, half-exaggerated sense of the difficulty (that is, I mean the practical odiousness) of the conditions. But now that I have accepted them and met them, I see that one isn't at all, needfully, their victim, but is, from the moment one is anything, one's self, worth speaking of, their *master*; and may use them, command them, squeeze them, lift them up and better them." He had spoken of the "grovelling" stage, but now he declared that playwriting was in fact "so damnably hard" that to succeed at it guaranteed "one's *intellectual self-respect*."

When James referred to the "practical odiousness" of the theater he meant "the humiliations and vulgarities and disgusts, all the dishonor and chronic insult incurred," as he makes clear in another letter to his brother. To Miss Henrietta Reubell he confided that "I may have been meant for the drama—God knows!—but I certainly wasn't meant for the theatre."

It was to "Guy Domville" that James pinned his highest hopes, although one wonders that a producer and actor so experienced as George Alexander would have undertaken a play so tenuous. It had to do with an Eighteenth Century English Catholic, who lived in an old-time world and acted, as James himself said, "from remote and romantic Catholic motives." Even William Archer, whose criticism was kinder than any other, confessed that "to this day I am quite in the dark as to why Lord Devenish's gloves on Mrs. Peveril's table should produce such a momentous revolution in Domville's frame of mind."

And yet Henry James raged like a petulant school boy when the London theatre-going public declined to accept "Guy Domville" as drama. "In three words," he wrote of the first night to William James, "the delicate, picturesque, extremely human and extremely artistic little play was taken profanely by a brutal and ill-disposed gallery which had shown signs of malice prepense from the first and which, held in hand till the end, kicked up an infernal row at the fall of the curtain. There followed an abominable quarter of an hour during which all the forces of civilization in the house waged a battle of the most gallant, prolonged and sustained applause with the hoots and jeers and cat calls of the roughs, whose *roars* (like those of a cage of beasts at some infernal 'zoo') were only exacerbated (as it were) by the conflict. . . . Meanwhile all *private* opinion is apparently one of extreme admiration—I have been flooded with letters of the warmest protest and assurance. . . . Everyone who was there has either written to me or come to see me—I mean everyone I know and many people I don't. Obviously the little play, which I strove to make as broad, as simple, as clear, as British, in a word, as possible, is over the heads of the *usual* vulgar theatre-going London public—and the chance of its going for a while (which it is too early to measure) will depend wholly on its holding on long enough to attract the *unusual*." He said the "abysmal vulgarity and brutality" of the theatre filled him with horror, but added consolingly: "Don't worry about me: I'm a Rock."

It disgusted James the more that his play was taken off to make room for Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal

The False Esther

By Pierre Louys

Translated by Clarence Stratton

Husband," which had already established itself at a theatre near by. The rival play seemed to him "helpless," "clumsy," "feeble and vulgar." His own, he repeated, had been "a rare and distinguished private success," and he elaborated this as meaning "with the even moderately cultivated, civilized and intelligent individual, with 'people of taste,' in short, of almost any kind, as distinguished from the vast English Philistine mob—the regular 'theatrical public' of London, which, of all the vulgar publics London contains, is the most brutishly and densely vulgar."

Wilde's plays were indeed cheap and tinselled, but Wilde had what James would never recognize and could never achieve, an understanding of theatric values. The first act of "A Woman of No Importance," for instance, is superb dramaturgy; and even "An Ideal Husband," which so excited James's contempt, revealed expert workmanship. The truth was that James had not mastered his instrument, however well satisfied he may have been with himself. "I have worked like a horse—far harder than anyone will ever know—over the whole stiff mystery of 'technique,'" he wrote his brother. "I have run it to earth, and I don't in the least hesitate to say that, for the comparatively poor and meagre, the piteously simplified purposes of the English stage, I have made it absolutely my own, put it into my pocket." And so he blamed the audiences and said that only "a very limited and simple-minded writer" could succeed where he had failed. His blindness to his own fatal defects of vision and imagination and construction is the more apparent from an illuminating commentary on Ibsen. "Yes," he wrote, "Ibsen is ugly, common, hard, prosaic, bottomlessly bourgeois—and with his distinction so far in, as it were, so behind doors and beyond vestibules, that one is excusable for not pushing one's way to it. And yet of his art he's a master—and I feel in him, to the pitch of almost intolerable boredom, the presence and the insistence of life."

James wouldn't for anything have been prosaic or bourgeois. Rather failure! And he would never, above all he would never, have been an accessory to the presence and the insistence of life.

On Growing Old

By John Masfield

BE with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift-

Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your
valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squadron
rallies:

Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion.
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

From "Poems" (Macmillan's, New York)

HALF way through a red catalogue I read this arresting entry:

MANUSCRIPT.—Fragment of a personal journal (1836-1839) by Mdlle. Esther van Gobseck, Dutch philosopher. Interesting. Unpublished details about Fichte. 150 francs.

Leading romantic types kept in mind by the reading public often attain a celebrity far beyond that of historical persons of the same rank. No matter how slightly the reader may know his Balzac he will not permit me to suppose that he is entirely ignorant of Esther Gobseck. Even he, had he read this notice, would have experienced extreme surprise; no one can doubt that.

An hour later I was in the book shop and had acquired the article. The clerk offered to wrap it for me but I refused, so that, seated again in my carriage, I could begin to examine it.

My purchase was a kind of blank book with a flowered paper cover. Upon the first page Mdlle. Gobseck, or rather the young woman with the same name, had painted in water colors two pale, regular bunches of roses linked together by a blue ribbon. A swallow and a butterfly, both of the same size, fluttered above this composition, while in the center of the page was this inscription:

Second Part of My Journal
Commenced March 5, 1836, (Anniversary)
Finished.....

The catalogue told the truth. Mdlle. Gobseck did speak of Fichte; not because she had known him (for the great Johann-Gottlieb died in 1814) but because she had had the honor of listening to his son Hermann, during a sojourn in Prussia.

The announcement had also described this Hollandaise as a philosopher.

Philosophy and Mdlle. Gobseck were inseparable; but in this sympathy between an abstraction and a reality, the former gave nothing, although the latter believed she received much. The zeal of Mdlle. Gobseck to evolve from pure reasoning to practical philosophy was equaled only by the solid resistance offered to her efforts by her slow celebration. The theses and the anti-theses which battled within her mind have never existed in any other human intelligence. From them she deduced syntheses which are remarkable only because of the absolute absence of any shock of surprise with which she received them.

Nothing discouraged her. Mdlle. Gobseck displayed for philosophy that *Liebe ohne Wiederliebe*, that unreciprocated passion the world has agreed to regard as incomparable, both in sentiment and expression. She loved to regulate her life at all times according to her principles, I mean the principles of her masters. She guarded herself from accepting the deceptive evidence of her senses, from the degrading suggestions of her tastes, from the fallacious arguments of her personal opinions; to her nothing seemed veritable, legitimate, worthy of belief, until it rested upon an investigation. Her peace of mind depended upon this.

The years 1836 and 1837 produced no notable event in her life. The little town where she went through her painless, joyless, apperceived days afforded a tranquil horizon for her regulated meditations. In 1838 she made a trip to Prussia for study and self-perfectioning, during which, it would seem, every kind of experience was absent.

Having set down this preamble for the information of the reader, I shall do no more than transcribe the last pages of the "Journal" lying beneath my gaze, without even commenting upon their extraordinary details.

I.

March 28, 1839.

Mina came to see me this morning at half past five. Ordinarily I do not see her before sunrise, even though she and I both begin to work at an early hour. With a candle in my hand, my hair streaming down my back, and looking as I never like to be seen, I opened the door. I put my hair up with a single twist and without waiting for her I broke out: "What's the matter?"

And she answered, "Oh, Esther!"

Quite disturbed, I made her sit down, asking her if she were not ill, or if her grandfather were worse, or perhaps her little sister, but it did not concern her; unfortunately it concerned me.

She had two volumes in her hands. She held them out to me saying, "Read for yourself."

I read, "H. de Balzac, *La Femme Supérieure*," so I said, "What has this to do with it?"

"Everything," she replied. "These two volumes contain three stories, and the third tells about you under the guise of a lost woman."

She said that so suddenly! I felt ill and lost consciousness.

When I was able to understand again, Mina went on, "Yes, it's frightful, but you must read it, Esther, you must read it. She's Hollandaise, I tell you; she is named Esther as you are; Gobseck, as your father; it's your name, it's you, in short, on every page of this horrible book. If this infernal book is still sold, you are ruined, my girl, do you understand? You must do something immediately—go to Paris—speak to the author."

Misery! What a misfortune for me! Mina showed me a few pages. The third story was entitled "*La Torpille*." Esther Gobseck! Esther Gobseck! In truth it was I; this was the name of my father. But in what company! Good Lord, and in what houses! Ah! my God! What a misfortune for me! My God, my God! I could not survive it! My God, could I have lived for twenty-seven years according to the dictates of reason and even at the cost of struggles against my natural inclinations; could I have sacrificed everything to the fortifications of that pure dwelling in which I lived only to cultivate my spirit; could I have renounced the felicities of marriage only to find myself at the end morally soiled, tainted by a Frenchman whom I did not even know, dragged, under my own name, through the mud of the Paris gutters? Oh, my God! What a misfortune for me!

What should I do? What could I do at once? How would this novelist receive me, if I presented myself? Could I be sure that I would be respected in the house of a man who would write such infamies? Besides, who could assure me that this was not some revenge, some prearranged plot against me? I had enemies in the city even though I had never done anyone any wrong. Certain persons envied my family, others my fortune, others my knowledge. And then... then... then...

II

Paris, April 13.

I am here. In truth I do not know what I am going to do here, but I have come. Mina urged me for my honor. She declared there was time to act in order to avoid a graver ill. If she had only come with me; if I could only make this visit, which frightens me, with her. But I am here alone in this city where my name has been for six months a vile name.

III

April 13.

Where does M. de Balzac live? How shall I find out? One morning I went into his publisher's and

asked the question. An employee said, "Who are you?" As I did not dare tell, he replied roughly, "Oho, a creditor, then. Well, if anyone asks you the address of Balzac, just say you don't know."

I rushed out. At my hotel they don't even know the name of this man. He isn't so celebrated as Mina said.

Yet his novels are in all the book stores. This evening I saw *La Torpille* in the Palais Royal and I hid my face and fled. It seems to me that passersby examine my features and recognize me on the streets.

IV

April 15.

At last I know. M. de Balzac; Jardies, Sevres, on the road to Ville-d'Avray, beyond the railroad bridge.

I shall go early tomorrow morning to be sure to find him at home.

Oh, shall I have enough courage?

V

April 16, noon.

I don't believe anyone could mock me, but what a singular man this writer must be.

At seven o'clock I took the omnibus for Sevres from the Place du Carrousel and got down at the railroad bridge near Ville-d'Avray.

I found the house without any trouble. It is halfway up a hill, below a park, in an open space, with an admirable view. Everywhere there are trees, forests, valleys. The morning mist was so fresh around me that I felt full of confidence, and decided to be firm when I rang the bell at the gate. A servant opened to me.

"Monsieur de Balzac?"

"Monsieur has just gone to bed."

"He is ill, then?"

"No, Madame, Monsieur goes to bed every morning at about eight o'clock. He works all night."

No, I can not think he was mocking me. There are no normal existences in Paris. French people are so unusual.

"Madame might come back at six o'clock this evening, if she wants to see Monsieur."

I shall return, then, but this long day's wait has upset my nerves and dissipated my energy. Now I am afraid; I am exhausted by impatience and apprehensiveness.

VI

April 16, evening.

If this day doesn't turn out a dream I shall go crazy or die of it. I cannot understand how I have the courage to write the account of what I have lived through; but it doesn't matter; I shall write mechanically, blindly, in a mental whirl which usurps my reason.

I entered that man's house at six o'clock, I believe. I don't know, for I am no longer sure of anything. Oh, why did Mina make me read those pages, which I might never have seen! Why should such a destiny burst over my head! Oh, poor me, poor me!

The servant asked whom to announce. I gave my name; I hoped that M. de Balzac would know immediately the reason of my visit.

For five minutes I waited in an antechamber where there were no chairs. The four walls were blank, but upon the plaster someone had written in pencil: "*Here a fresco by Delacroix.*" . . . "*Here a bas relief by Rude.*" . . . "*Here a Gobelin tapestry.*" I don't know what else. It occurred to me that I was in the house of a madman. But no; he was not the mad person. I must be mad tonight. He is right; he is always right.

I door was opened. I took three steps. I saw no one. Suddenly a terrible voice bellowed at me from the end of the room, "Who authorized you, Mademoiselle, to assume the name of Gobseck?"

What a voice! It is still sounding in my distraught brain.

I raised my eyes. A man was before me, big, ugly, yet superb withal. His hair was long and straight like a Prussian student's. He was erect behind a desk on which were more than a thousand sheets of

paper as disturbed and agitated as the waves of the sea, and above this ocean he glared at me with his shining black eyes which I could see even though he had his back to the light.

"Oh, Monsieur," I murmured, almost fainting.

My words died upon my lips.

He pounded with his fist upon the desk and repeated several times, "Who authorized you? Who authorized you?"

I cannot say where I found the strength, but I succeeded in murmuring, "Monsieur, I am Esther Gobseck."

He leaned forward and pierced me with a look which I could not sustain, then he burst out into a laugh which shook the room like the explosion of a bomb.

"You?" he said. "You! Esther Gobseck?"

I nodded.

"Mademoiselle," he continued more calmly, "this joke is detestable. If you wish to hide your identity, that is your affair. Assume a pseudonym or don't use any name at all, but don't steal the name of another. A name is the most sacred possession of a human being."

With a trembling hand I opened my case and handed him my passport on which my description was written.

"Examine this, Monsieur. It is signed by the Burgomaster."

He read, re-read, muttered several times, "Strange . . . curious . . . singular." . . . Then he regarded me closely, so that from pale I turned crimson.

"This is perfectly legal," he finally said. "There is nothing more to be said. You are Esther Gobseck, extraordinary though that may seem."

He crumpled a paper, threw it into a basket, sat down, and turned towards me suddenly.

"Then you are going to tell me at once something I must know. How was your bedroom furnished when you first became a dancer at the Opéra?"

"A dancer!" I exclaimed astounded. "But, Monsieur, I have never been a dancer! I am a Fichtean philosopher."

Furious, he pounded the desk again.

"Mademoiselle, let me repeat, this jest is entirely out of place. Only one of two things can be true. Either you are not Esther Gobseck (that's what I thought at first) or if you are Esther Gobseck, you are *La Torpille*."

"*La Torpille*—I am she?" I stammered.

"Why, certainly! And *La Torpille* is not a Fichtean philosopher! You were born in 1805 to Sarah van Gobseck, father unknown. Your mother, ruined by Maxime de Trailles, was killed by an officer in a house of the Palais Royal in December, 1818. At that time you were eighteen years old, but even then, instructed by your mother, you had lead for several years the sad life of a little, immature prostitute. It was then that you entered the Opéra. Several habitués kept you; among them Clement des Lupcaulx. I am very anxious to know the furnishing of your room at just that time, but let that pass. In 1823 it was plotted to send you to Issoudon, to Jean-Jacques Rouget, who was just about to marry his servant, a thing which was to be prevented, thanks to you. The scheme did not succeed. I omit the need for money which darkened your eighteenth year and the shameful expedient you resorted to. At the end of that year, 1823, you met Lucien de Rubempré at the theater; you received him in your apartment in the Rue de Langlade. You adored him; he loved you. I needn't tell you how the enterprise of Vautrin led the Baron of Mucingen to make your fortune and that of Lucien both at the same time. Now, listen carefully."

I listened, overcome by terror.

"Nucingen is odious to you, my girl. He is thirty-eight years older than you are. He is anti-pathetic, even repulsive. You endure him with an increasing aversion. Listen to this carefully. On the thirteenth of May, after an evening given in his honor, you will swallow a black pearl containing a Javanese poison and you will die instantly. Such is the fate I have reserved for you."

I was trembling like a leaf.

"How do you know this, Monsieur?" I faltered.

"How do I know it?" he shouted. "What a question! Why, it was I who gave you life!"

VII

April 17.

I am regaining my senses slowly.

Now, I see it clearly. The situation is becoming precise. It is the struggle of two certainties, nothing else.

I believe (I believe) that I am twenty-seven years old, that I was born in Maestricht in 1812, that I bore the name of my father, that I had always lived as an upright girl; but, at last, what proof have I of that? None at all.

I cannot cite a rational principle, a truth of experience, nor a sensation to prove that such has been my life. There remain only two representations that I can examine to secure any adequate cognizance of my past: my own recollections, or the testimony of others. Now, in the case under consideration, these are antagonistic representations. It must be determined which of the two surmounts the other.

I feel myself too much interested in the outcome to accord the supremacy to my personal certainty. The man who spoke to me yesterday, I must admit, dominates me. To consider his mind inferior to mine would be monumental ignorance on my part. His clairvoyance was the light to my distracted brain. I had lived through all those years in a hallucination which I was not even cognizant of, a hallucination which, by an inexplicable phenomenon, impressed upon me fictitious recollections, just as I lost my proofs of them.

My personality has been reduplicated so completely that I have no idea of the exact date of the metamorphosis of my ego, for my memory is absolutely unreliable and false in every detail concerning it. I feel that I am living in the mental condition of a dream, accepting as actualities the most chimerical events, and a long series of recollections which M. de Balzac, by his clear-cut testimony, reduced to nothing.

VIII

April 18.

Then I am one of those women. . . My God! I cannot doubt any longer. I do not see the truth of it, but what madness for me to deny it—what madness! Sensation arrives to corroborate the testimony. I am not physically pure; my chastity is merely intellectual; I have the imperious senses of a courtesan; my body is consumed by an internal fire. How can I deny it, alas! And all my weaknesses! And all the weaknesses of my will!

IX

April 19.

To-night I set out to fulfill my destiny; but what a strange transformation in me! I totally forgot my usual habits. The mere thought of returning to them terrified me, while timidity choked me at the first word I uttered.

A passerby, to whom I dared to speak, took me for a beggar, for he threw fifty centimes at me without even asking me to follow him. Perhaps my clothes are different. Perhaps, too, my voice is different.

X

May 5.

The end is approaching, the end of my unhappy fate. I know well, although I dare not write it. I know for a certainty that, on the thirteenth of this May, just as M. de Balzac predicted, I shall pass from life to death by swallowing a black pearl.

A black pearl, containing Javanese poison. Where shall I find it, this black pearl which encloses eternity? I go from shop to shop, to the pharmacists, to the herb dealers. They offer me poisons, but this one. . . (Oh, God! what a horrible existence! How welcome death will be! I must find a Javanese poison, a Javanese poison in a black pearl. M. de Balzac has decreed it so.)

* * *

Here the manuscript ends. There follow forty-one blank pages.

Vindicating North Dakota

By Oliver S. Morris

WHILE the decision of the United States Supreme Court on June 1 relating to the wet and dry issue, has occasional widespread press comment, little attention has been paid by the press generally to a decision of the same court on the same day regarding the sweeping industrial program enacted into law in North Dakota. Yet the upholding of the "new day" laws in North Dakota is a revolutionary decision, coming at a time when large groups of people, if not a majority, are stirred deeply by new ideas of government and industry involving the same principles as were passed upon in this case.

Briefly, North Dakota as a state decided to go into the grain and milling business, the banking business, state development of mines, and the enterprise of building and selling homes and farms to the people, to be paid for by the buyers over a long term of years on the amortization plan. Laws were passed issuing bonds for \$17,000,000 for these state projects. The enterprises were intended to break what the people of the state have come to call the "grain and mill combine," by furnishing state competition in this hitherto "private" business; to mobilize the credit of the state in a reserve and farm credit bank for the purpose of lowering interest rates and making credit more easily obtained by producers; to furnish fuel at cost to the people, and to solve the housing and farm tenantry problems. The state actually has started in the milling business, by purchasing a flour mill, and is engaged in erecting a 3,000-barrel-a-day flour mill at Grand Forks, together with a huge terminal grain elevator; has been operating a central state bank for a year, has already been building homes for the people at cost, and has taken the first step toward state mining of coal, by authorizing a survey of the state lignite coal fields and experimentation with processes for transforming lignite into more usable forms of fuel.

This program and these laws were attacked in both state and federal courts. The Supreme Court of the United States had before it on appeal a case from the North Dakota Supreme Court, which upheld the laws, and from the Federal District Court of North Dakota, which likewise held the laws constitutional.

In attacking the laws in the courts the opponents of the "new day" program, who have dubbed it "socialism," "bolshevism," "I. W. W.ism," and even "anarchy," argued that the state was entering into "private business," and was spending public money for private purposes. The taking of property without due process of law was also alleged. It was said the constitution of the United States forbade any such state industrial program as this.

In the press the opponents of the program went much further, although the supreme court judges shut the lawyers off when in the oral arguments some of them by inference sought to bring out these more temperamental charges against the people of the state. The press held that North Dakota had virtually, if not in fact, adopted a soviet form of government; that this immediate program was merely a snare, the real purpose, to be carried out later, being to socialize land, take over all private business, establish free love, destroy the churches and homes; that the program was the first step toward abolition of a representative, republican form of government, and was undermining, preparatory to overthrowing, the constitution of the United States. These latter arguments, however, need not be seriously considered by the reader. They are respectfully called to the attention of Messrs. Palmer, Lusk and Sweet.

The United States Supreme Court had not heretofore

decided a case where the right of the people of a state to enter into what has been considered "private business" was so clearly and importantly at issue. There were lines of decisions which undoubtedly would have allowed the court to decide the case either way, strictly in accordance with precedent, without violating their legal consciences. Still, municipalities had been allowed by the courts, under special circumstances and in emergencies, to go into various petty lines of business, and of course the socialization of the school system and postoffice is not now questioned. Neither are municipal water works and state prison factories. But here was a clear case of the people, through a state government, going on a big scale into the business of handling grain, milling, banking and "contracting"—the latter term applying to the home-building act. And so the decision of the court upholding the constitutionality of the North Dakota laws is revolutionary.

The court held in effect that when the people of the state decided through their votes to start these state industries, when their duly elected legislature passed the laws, their duly elected governor signed them, and their duly constituted state courts held the laws constitutional and decreed that the purposes for which the money was to be spent were public purposes, then the United States Supreme Court will not interfere. It was also held that no specific violation of any section of the United States constitution was shown.

The decision, of course, ends the last possible legal delay to the full carrying out of the North Dakota program. It is the climax of five years of desperate fighting by the majority of the people of the state against a heavily financed, well-organized, perfectly press-agented, minority opposition. As showing how safe and sane our form of government is in its efficiency for preventing rapid social or economic changes, and in forcing purveyors of new ideas to overcome almost endless obstacles, it may be of interest to recite briefly the tests this North Dakota idea was subjected to, before it was finally given a clean bill of health by the courts and the way cleared for its complete carrying out.

The people of the state elected in 1916, after over a year of intense agitation and organization by the Nonpartisan League, a state administration pledged to the program. A two-thirds majority favorable to the program was elected to the house of representatives. Eighteen out of the 25 seats in the Senate open at the election were filled by men pledged to the program. But only half the Senate was up for re-election, and there were 24 holdover Senators, who, with the few elected unfavorable to the program, constituted a majority against it.

The 1917 Legislature received a message from the governor pointing out that the mandate of the people for the program must be carried out by the Legislature. The lower house passed the necessary bills for amending the state constitution, but these bills were defeated in the Senate. A splendid example of the "check and balance" working.

It was necessary for the people to wait two years for another election and another legislature. In the meantime constitutional amendments to permit the carrying out of the program were petitioned for under the initiative law. These petitions were attacked in the courts and the case had to be fought by friends of the program through the Supreme Court, which upheld the validity of the initiative law.

The 1918 election resulted in re-election of the state administration which was pledged to the program, re-election of a two-thirds majority in the house pledged to it, and the cleaning out of the opposition majority in the Senate. The people also approved the constitutional amendments at the election.

The opposition then attacked in the courts the decision of the canvassing board declaring the amendments passed, although each amendment had

a substantial majority. It was held by the opposition that there should have been a majority of the voters who went to the polls, instead of a majority of those who voted on the measures. This was fought through the Supreme Court to a decision favorable to the reformers.

The 1919 Legislature then enacted the program into law. The laws were then attacked by the opposition by a referendum petition. At a special election thus precipitated the laws were approved overwhelmingly by the people. The secretary of state then refused to attach his necessary signature to the issues of bonds provided by the Legislature to carry out the program. He urged a technicality concerning the debt limit. This case had to be fought through the Supreme Court. A favorable decision was obtained by the reformers again.

Then (spring of 1919) all the laws were attacked in both the state and federal courts as to their constitutionality, both of which cases have now been decided by the United States Supreme Court.

It would seem the people of North Dakota have fairly won their right to proceed. It would also seem that there is nothing comparable to dictatorship of the proletariat or anarchy in a program which has stood the test, under our republican form of government, of two elections, a referendum election and several years of litigation in the courts.

Yet the whole thing is probably a clever trick devised by Lenin (see your daily paper for further "particulars" as to that).

❖❖❖

The Wonder Child

By Anne Higginson Spicer

THE DIARY OF PSEUDOMORPH WHITE LIE.

(This diary was washed ashore in a bottle on the shore of Coney Island. It was in one million, nine hundred and sixty-six thousand, three hundred and three pieces. I have held the hand of the gifted author all the time she has been pasting it together, and if anyone doubts the authenticity of the writer, all I can say is, I was present at little Pseudie's birth, and have watched over her up to her present age of three months, at which time the autobiography is practically complete.)

CELERY SINGEWICK,
Editor The Authentic Monthly.)

TODAY I did little lyings as usual, crawling under the folding bed which shut me in with queer creakings, but my soul was fearless and I attacked my daily job and did print hieroglyphs in polychrome on pieces of paper from dear Mr. Piggley's chewing gum, while Henry Adams and Rabindranath Tagore, my pet ornithorhynchi played parchesi beside me. I did think long, dark thoughts about my papa, who used to talk to me in the original Czecho-Slav as we walked long walkings gathering the Sisyrinchium near my birthplace where Alph the sacred river ran down to join the Zambesi and the Tombigbee.

I did print my printings in hexapla and I did show them to my dear little friends and they did flap their tails on the floor till the Mamma got mad at their little soft gruntings and did skin them and fry them for supper, and did whack me big whackings with the poker.

Then I did meander out into God's Great Out-of-doors, all among the Eucalypti and Auricarias, and did climb down the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to visit Lucy Page Gaston my tame grizzly bear, and Tarquinius Superbus the prairie dog, and the Nine Gods of Clusium my dear little rattlesnakes. After I was through playing pleasant plays with these friends I did gather a cluster of Adenophora Potentini, and I did eat a supper of the pretty white Amanita, all the time saying poetry to myself from the Zend Avesta, and the Rig Veda, and the Elder Edda, and all the little Eddas, and the Sakuntala, and Also Sprach Zarathustra. Then I did go home and make scrubblings of my mouth with solution of Concentrated Iye, and I did spend the rest of the day with Peck's Bad Boy and Daisy Ashford.

Letters from the People

How Shakespeare Knew

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Why waste space on the question, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" Whoever it was, he hasn't written anything else that is extant. None of his contemporaries who have been suspect of being he, has left us anything that is like what is characteristically his. So Shakespeare is Shakespeare, whoever he was.

But it's a shame people like you and Marse Henry Watterson should be wasting time on the subject. You ought to be better employed. Leave it to the J. Thomas Looneys.

How could Shakespeare, as his biographers give us the known facts of his life, have known what he knew, not of books and things, but of life and the human heart and spirit? That's easy. He knew it, because he saw things with the eyes in his head and the brains behind them.

Take up Kipling's "The Years Between" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), turn to page 87 and read the poem there. It is a good poem, and please note that it is done in Sapphics. It is entitled

THE CRAFTSMAN

(Copyright, 1904-1919, by Rudyard Kipling.)

Once after long-drawn revel at the Mermaid,

He to the overbearing Boanerges

Jonson, uttered (If half of it were liquor

Blessed be the vintage!)

Saying how, at an alehouse under Cotswold,

He had made sure of his very Cleopatra,

Drunk with enormous, salvation-con-temning

Love for a tinker.

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,

Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight

Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet

Rail at the dawnsings.

How, at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens

Wince at the business; whereupon his sister,

(Lady Macbeth, aged seven,) thrust 'em under

Somberly scornful.

How, on a Sabbath, hushed and com-
passionate—

She being known since her birth to the
townsfolk—

Stratford dredged and delivered from
Avon

Dripping Ophelia.

So, with a thin third finger marrying
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,
Shakespeare opened his heart till sun-
rise

Entered to hear him.

London, wakened and he, imperturbable,
Passed from waking to hurry after
shadows

Busied upon shows of no earthly im-
portance?

Yes, but he knew it!

B. ELZEY BUBB

The Negro Speaks

833 Leland Street,

Philadelphia, Pa.,

June 19, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have read your magazine for June 10th, and wish to say that the editorial under captions "The Republica on the Block," "Reflections," "The Missouri Senatorship," "The Bryan Movie Scan-

dal," are very commendable, but your editorial under caption "The Black Menace" commenting on Dr. Kerlin's "The Negro Fourth Estate" is rotten to the core.

Personally, I wish to say that there are few men of your race can deal squarely with an issue pertaining to my race. You go on to say in the editorial under consideration "justice we can give—equality before the law. But social equality, No. The law cannot bestow or assure that. The Negro stir deserves, and demands attention." I agree with you that the law cannot give equality to even white people; social equality is a thing left entirely with persons themselves. If you wish to have me eat at your table or sit in your sitting room, that's your personal business. Most of the time the newspaper men run in their boogy-boo by stating that the Negro wants intermarriage which is an absolute falsehood.

Social equality does not mean intermarriage; it means the same treatment in hotels, same accommodations on steam trains, trolley cars, etc. Intermarriage is sexual equality and is a thing that is left entirely to the two persons involved and would be the best thing for the entire South and especially your state; a white lady wrote to the Baltimore *American* some time ago and stated that there are over 5,000,000 mulattos in this country and that their mothers are colored women and their fathers white men. Yet the newspaper men seem to ignore this fact.

If you wish to understand how the new Negro feels, you should read the *Messenger* or get *The Freeman* for June 2, and read "The New Negro" by Geroid Robinson and you will see that the newspapers from which Dr. Kerlin took extracts are very modest compared with those of the *Messenger* of this particular article.

L. F. COLES.

"They say now that there must be a law passed for the arrest of parlor bolsheviks." "Who's to do the arresting—the kitchen police?"—*Wichita Eagle*.

✱

"Any malaria around here?" inquired the stranger. "I dunno," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop, very cautiously. "Did you come prepared with any special medicine for it?"—*Washington Star*.

Ireland Wins

"Talking of hens," remarked the American visitor, "reminds me of an old hen my dad once had. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my mother once had," remarked the Irishman. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, sor, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker!"—*London Tit-Bits*.

"What is the best way of getting hard cash?" "Working some soft thing."—*Baltimore American*.

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For your selection we have secured—

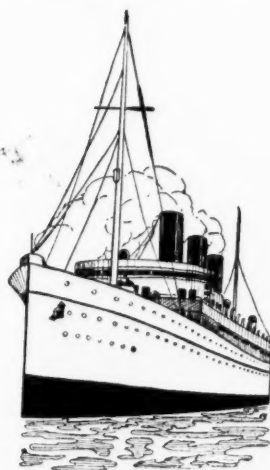
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36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	95c
36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	\$1.29
36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	1.37
36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	1.45
36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	1.55
36-in. White Japanese Silk, the yard,	1.85
33-in. Japanese Shantung Pongee,	
the yard,	1.10
33-in. Japanese Shantung Pongee,	
the yard,	1.60
33-in. Japanese Shantung Pongee,	
the yard,	1.95

33-in. Japanese Shantung Pongee,	
the yard,	\$2.15
33-in. Japanese Shantung Pongee,	
the yard,	\$2.27
33-in. Hand-woven Chinese Shantung,	
the yard,	\$1.50
33-in. Hand-woven Chinese Shantung,	
(extra weight) the yard,	\$3.00
40-in. White Japanese Crepe de Chine,	
tubable and an exceptional quality,	
the yard,	\$1.45

Silk Shop—Second Floor

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Steamer Maru

Candidates, Inc.

By Manuel Komroff and Silas Bent

Now that pre-convention Presidential campaigns have achieved in some instances the magnitude of million-dollar funds, attention may well be devoted seriously to the problem of putting them upon sound business bases. Sixteen years ago the sums contributed to the Presidential candidates of all parties totaled only three millions, probably less than half what has already been spent this year; four years later they mounted to five millions, in 1912 to eight, and in 1916 to twelve millions. What it will cost to elect a President next November is a matter of uneasy speculation, but the sums already spent stagger the imagination. The sensible, efficient and democratic remedy is to provide for the distribution of this prodigious load by the incorporation of candidates.

There can be no better starting point than at the top, where the expense is heaviest. When the system has proved itself there, it can be extended downward and outward until it embraces the constable and the dog catcher. It will then be possible for every voter, however modest his means, to express a sagacious financial interest in the outcome of one or more campaigns. As it is, his say-so goes for nothing. The Republicans have just nominated a man hardly known to the national public, and certainly not in fervent demand; and there is no assurance, under the present system, that the Democrats won't do the same thing.

By incorporating, candidates will be enabled to sell stock in the open market. Every citizen can then speculate politically, by the purchase of a limited number of shares in his favorite aspirant; and if the aspirant be successful the speculator will have an ample return on his investment (for such it will then have become) in his claim on the officeholder. Colonel William Cooper Procter gambled to the extent of half a million, he says, in the campaign of General Wood; but if General Wood had issued stock at \$100 par value, the prospective advantages which Colonel Procter must have hoped to derive from his flyer would have been distributed, say, among five thousand voters; and the potential benefits from the entire fund would have spread over thousands instead of a few hundred citizens. In the case of Governor Lowden there would have been more than four thousand prospective beneficiaries, and in the case even of Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler at least 340 might have hugged the fond hope of special favors in case of his elevation to executive honors.

How much more democratic to give our plumbers and gasfitters an opportunity to help finance the campaigns of our candidates, instead of restricting that privilege to a few close friends or admirers among the rich! It is only by incorporating the politically ambitious that we can smash the Oligarchy of Wealth in this country. It is only thus that the ditchdigger and the street sweeper may hope to press an equal claim upon the successful candidate with the manufacturer of soap or chewing gum.

It is unbecoming to the point of humiliation that the most businesslike nation in the world should have the most unbusinesslike elective system. Our slogan should be open campaigns openly arrived at, with a certified accountant at every candidate's elbow. And the system would have the additional advantage of affording a new avenue of speculation for a nation grown inordinately fond of aleatory activities. Even our shoe clerks are buying marks and lei, or backing their judgment of oil stocks. By enabling them to speculate in the political market we might stimulate in them a certain kind of patriotism, almost to a par with their knowledge of foreign exchange and their interest in wildcat oil fields.

But precautions must be taken lest the incorporation of our candidates introduce a new element of corruption into our politics. A legal limit should be placed on the amount of capital stock to be issued by any candidate, and on the shares purchasable by a single voter. If Presidential aspirants were forbidden to capitalize, say, at more than a million dollars (even though some might find this niggardly and calculated to cramp their educational endeavors), then, when the system was extended to our Senators, half a million might be set down as the speculative value of a toga, and three hundred thousand, say, at the prospective return on a gubernatorial victory.

And if voters were forbidden to take more than fifty \$100 shares in any candidate, as seems fair, then those who went the limit would have a greater voting power in electing the corporation's board of directors, which would serve also as a cabinet, in the case of the Chief Executive; and they would have a prior claim in the more desirable plums dispensable through Presidential patronage. Too often it happens now that a mere hardware dealer can have no hope of nomination as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. These, and other desirable gifts, go as likely as not to somebody who has taken no stock at all in the campaign, so far as anybody knows, or to some other who is merely supposed to exercise political influence. One great advantage of the corporate system would be the extinction of this invisible power and the elevation to office of real commoners, who have mustered at least \$100, and have invested it judiciously, and therefore have an actual monetary interest in the administration.

Strict secrecy in the expenditure of campaign funds would cease. Every stockholder in each candidate would be entitled to know what use was being made of the corporation's funds, and whether it was wisely disbursed. Expensive Senatorial investigations would no longer be necessary. There would be a corporation accounting before each national convention in the case of Presidential aspirants, and after the formal race, in the case of nominees. The humblest share holder would be entitled to audit the books of the loftiest leader. Nothing so radical as a detailed publication of expense accounts, of course, is here proposed. Such a procedure would be shockingly unbusinesslike. It would be unreasonable to demand any greater unbecoming to the general public, out-

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side the select circle of shareholders, than the Standard Oil or the Steel Trust or the dye interests now manifest. Railroad and gas corporations may have taken an unhealthy interest at times in legislation, but there is no denying that American business on the whole is cleaner than American politics; and if we can put elections on a footing as honest and efficient as commerce, we will have advanced a long distance toward the governmental millenium.

But a disquieting question may intrude itself here regarding the fate of those who invest their funds in unsuccessful candidates. This question is not so seri-

ous as appears at first blush. Business is now and always has been conducted on such a basis that there were some losers. In the stock market this is conspicuously true. We would establish a political Dunn and Bradstreet and keep tab on our political casualties. Somebody has got to pay for the campaigns, it is clear; and it is in the public interest that the loss should be distributed, instead of being concentrated among a few over-optimistic or overpatriotic citizens. Incorporation will provide a kind of political insurance, in which the losing stockholders will pay the premiums.

Not only would this plan make avail-

able to the general public those privileges, perquisites and prerogatives which are now, apparently, restricted to a contributing clique, but it would enable a return to the happy simplicity of those days when a rail-splitter could become President; for even an assistant hod-carrier in Local Number 1 might count on campaign subscriptions from members of the union. Personal wealth, or the ability to influence men of wealth, would no longer be a pre-requisite to honors by the suffrage. The elective process would thus be democratized in every direction, and by the application of Big Business methods to republican in-

stitutions the menace of Big Business would be averted at a single stroke. Let the new slogan be: "Candidates, Incorporate!"

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The Barcarole of James Smith

By Herbert S. Gorman

With willing arms I row and row
So dear a freight that I must know
The moment is the point of time
When James Smith changes, grows
sublime,
And hurries to the flaming tryst
Of Love, that ancient alchemist,
And grows into his thoughts and comes
To half awaked millenniums.

I could imagine madrigals
With curiously dying falls
To creep into your little ears
And lift you with me through the years.
But you would barely understand
Why you were lifted, long for land,
And tell me to row back again
From heaven to the Vast Inane.

Meanwhile I sit and row the boat
And catch your laughter, watch your
throat
And mouth sway perilously near
And burn away the atmosphere.
The sunset shakes me almost free
From river, boat and lunacy.
You say it's rather like a fish
Of crimson on a golden dish?

It may be so. It may be I
Have other thoughts that signify
A closer meaning for us two. . . .
But I must row and what's to do?
If you could see yourself and be
The rower, look through eyes of me
Not knowing what was hid inside
Your little head—but that's denied.

You'll be the freight until the end:
I'll be the rower—and the friend.
And you will never know the thought
That makes you curiously wrought
In other substance than you are:
And I will steer by some vague star
That is not even lit for you,
And I daresay the star will do.

If I were not James Smith but one
Not haunted by the desert sun
Of too excessive visioning
Perhaps you'd be a different thing
And quite unusual, but that
At most is but conjectured at. . . .
So willingly I row and row
And let you wonder while I know.

—From the New York Freeman.

❖❖❖

Mabel, aged seven, led off after the Sunday blessing with a story she had heard on the way home from Sunday school. "A little boy," said Mabel, "who went to ball games said Sunday school wasn't much different from ball games, because at Sunday school they sang 'Stand Up for Jesus,' and at the ball game they said—" "Mabel!" cried the horrified family in unison, "don't tell that story!" "Why?" asked Mabel. "Have you all heard it?" "Of course, and it's—" "Well, then," proceeded Mabel, calmly, "it won't hurt you to hear me tell it."



Grand Pianos

Our Music Salon has become known as "The Music Store of Grands" because so many St. Louisans and out-of-town residents have purchased their high-grade instruments here. Every Piano that we represent is of proven quality and worth—we consider each the best value obtainable in its class.

A Piano should please as much in after years as the day it is purchased—and it will if chosen wisely. Be sure that the one you buy possesses the quality of tone and workmanship that will give you the pleasure and satisfaction you expect.

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Mexico

Mexico is a good deal on the minds of many people in this country, as her plight seems to invite our interposition to clean up things. Many people think the country is not worth our worrying about, while others think it a veritable Eldorado. What is Mexico? An answer is found in a recent compilation in the New York Times from communications to the National Geographic Society:

"Prior to 1836 Mexico, as a Spanish colony, and the United States covered approximately equal areas of North America, but the Texas secession and the result of the Mexican war added nearly a million square miles to our territory and the extent of Mexico now is less than one-fourth that of continental United States.

"But our neighbor republic still has territorial expanse equal to the aggregate of pre-war Austria, Hungary, Germany, France, Great Britain and Ireland.

"The total area of the Republic of Mexico (767,000 square miles) is less than that of our five largest States—Texas, California, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona—combined, all of these except Montana having been a part of New Spain seventy-five years ago. None of the thirty-one political subdivisions of our neighbor is as large as any of the five States named, but four Mexican States contiguous to the United States aggregate an extent greater than that of Texas.

"Chihuahua, the largest Mexican state, approximates in area (87,000 square miles) that of Utah, Sonora (77,000 square miles) of Nebraska, Coahuila (63,400 square miles) of Georgia, and Durango (40,000 square miles) of Kentucky. Nine subdivisions of the United States (excluding Alaska) are larger than Chihuahua, fifteen of greater magnitude than Sonora, and thirty-two larger than Durango. The rugged and desert character of the Mexican border states supports sparse population except where mining exploitation and cities resulting therefrom have concentrated settlement.

"The melting snows from the San Juan and Sangre de Cristo ranges of the Rocky Mountains in Southern Colorado form the genesis of the Rio Grande, which, after following south through New Mexico, bends southeast at the western extremity of Texas, courses between it and Mexico for a distance equal to that of St. Louis from New York, and descends in 1,100 miles from an elevation of 4,500 feet to sea level at the Gulf of Mexico.

"Except when in flood, the Rio Grande is apparently an unimportant stream and readily crossed, for the normal flow is well utilized for irrigation in both countries; but it has carved, in a part of its course, canyons difficult of exploration. The changes wrought by freshets, which shift the channel, demanded the attention of an international commission, which has adjusted the boundary along the Rio Grande to meet the varying conditions. The uncertainty of this is illustrated by a claim some years ago that a portion of the important city of El Paso, Texas, was Mexican soil. The re-

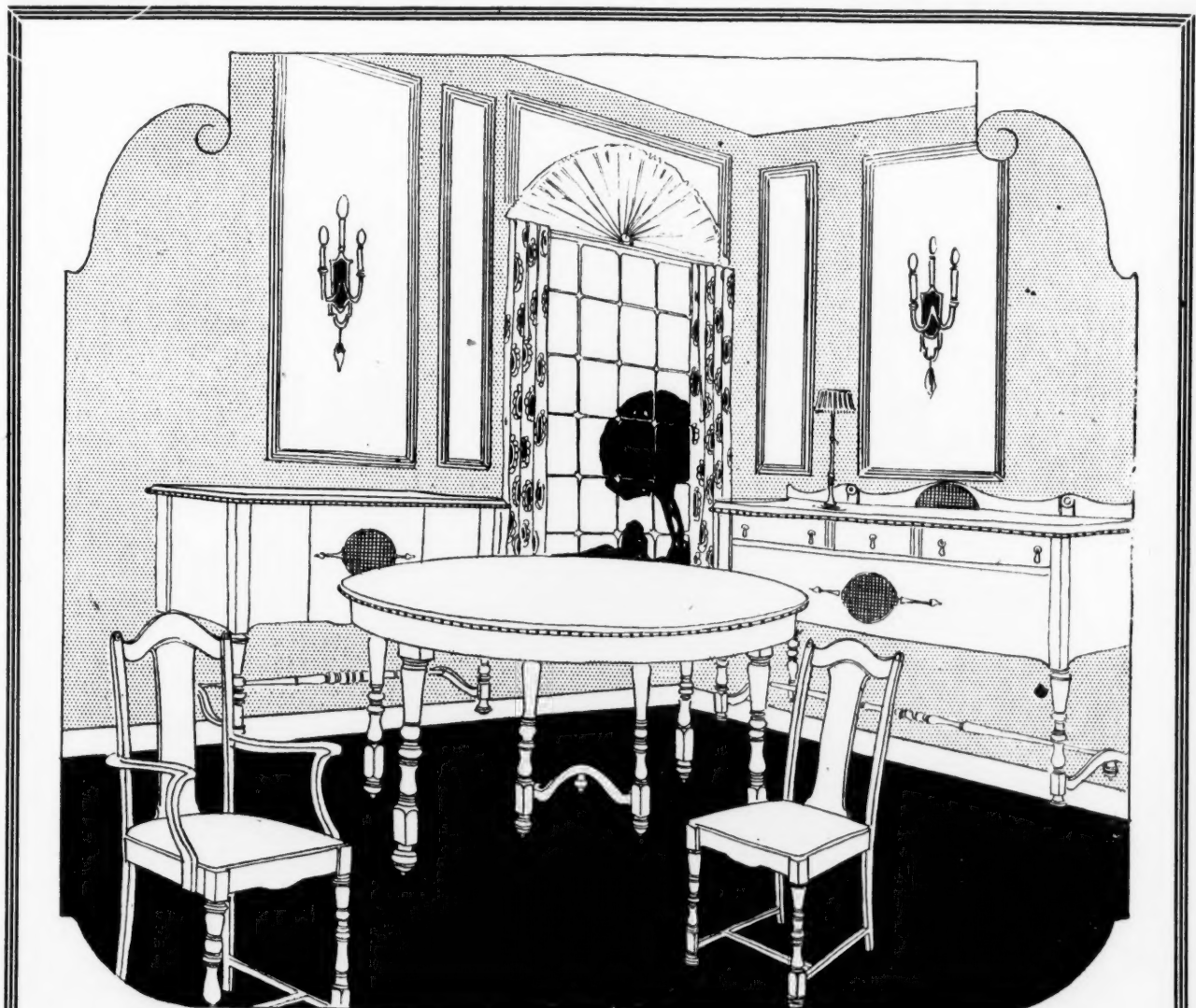
maining 700 miles of the international boundary to the west separating our neighbor republic from New Mexico, Arizona and California, is through an arid desert section, much of which is mountainous. This is not a direct line, but has five changes in alignment, which have been accurately surveyed and established by 258 perma-

nent mountains easily distinguishable.

"Mexico has an area approximately one-fourth that of the United States, a fourth of whose area once belonged to Mexico. It has a coast line some 6,000 miles long, although its greatest length is less than 2,000 miles, and its greatest breadth only 750 miles. Although its area is only one-fourth that of Brazil,

its population is approximately equal to that of the largest republic of the southern continent. Some 15,000,000 souls live within its borders, of whom more than two-thirds can neither read nor write.

"Of the total population, only 19 per cent are white, 43 per cent are of mixed parentage, while 38 per cent still



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To have a dining room set of dignified line and handsome finish is the ambition of every homemaker. These sets we are featuring are of a type to lend grace to any household, and to be a proven joy for years to come. All are unusually splendid values.

In the illustration is shown a nine-piece suite, in Tudor lines, beautiful American walnut, half dull finish. Consisting of Buffet, Extension Table, Serving Table, five Side and one Host Chair—this suite is very specially priced at \$395.

William and Mary Dining Room Suite, \$370

This eight piece suite may be had in Jacobean, Brown Mahogany or American Walnut. The suite consists of Cane-draped Diners and one Host Chair, Buffet and 54-inch Extension Table.

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Pieces that are attractively designed and properly built and priced much under the standard value.

Oblong Dining Table, Chairs in blue leather covering. Serving Table and Buffet.

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GRAND-LEADER

maintain their Indian blood uncorrupted. The foreign population in 1912 numbered 100,000 souls of whom 30,000 were Americans, 2,000 Spanish and 5,000 British.

"Mexico probably has a greater range of remarkable vegetation than any other country in the world.

"No other country in the new world south of the Rio Grande was so well supplied with railroads as was Mexico prior to the Madero revolution. Then it had 20,000 miles of up-to-date American railroad. At six different points lines crossed the frontier from the United States and the Laredo, Eagle Pass and El Paso gateways handled much traffic to and from Mexico. The Mexican railroads carried 11,000,000 passengers annually at that time, and handled about 11,000,000 tons of freight. Their total revenues amounted to about \$40,000,000.

"Humboldt once pronounced Mexico 'the treasure-house of the world.' Before the World War it produced one-third of the world's silver, a considerable percentage of its gold, one-ninth of its lead, and one-twentieth of its copper. The country's mineral production, exclusive of iron, coal and petroleum, amounted to \$158,000,000 in 1910. With

the exception of Campeche, Tabasco and Yucatan, every state in the Mexican Republic possesses mines, of which there are 21,000, covering 633,000 acres of mineral lands, and giving employment to half a million men. Yet, probably less than one-fourth of the mineral possibilities of the republic have been exploited. Prior to the outbreak of the Madero revolution, upward of 5,000 mining claims were registered each year."

♦♦♦♦

James Whitcomb Riley was not greatly interested in politics, but at one particular time in his life he was anxious to vote. "If I remember the story as it was told to me, a young man whom Riley had long admired was running for a county office," said an old friend of Riley's. "Riley was rather disappointed to see the young man enter politics, but he made up his mind that his friend needed his vote at the election. Election day found Riley an early visitor at the polls, where he spent no little time learning the secrets of how to vote. The following day he earnestly told some friend about his experience and the way he had marked his ballot. 'Why Jim,' they laughed, 'if that is the way you did it, you voted for the other man.'"

Marts and Money

They have a dull and narrow market on the New York Stock Exchange. Most traders are marking time and pursuing a policy of watchful waiting. Incentives for action are few and weak for the present, though it is quite plain that the reconstructive forces are making headway right along. The rates for call funds moved erratically in the last few days, in anticipation of another depletion of excess reserves. The maximum charge was ten per cent. Careful students of affairs feel sorely puzzled about the abrupt and decisive changes in weekly bank statements, but lean to the belief that the principal cause must be sought in the unusual cross-currents of money transfers incidental to efforts to relieve stringent conditions in the West and South. Owing to the commencement of harvesting of winter wheat, the demand for funds is necessarily growing in keenness.

The speculative talent still devotes a good deal of attention to industrial shares lending themselves easily to manipulative designs. It is apparent, however, that the public is not disposed to enter into important commitments as long as the loan charges remain above 7 per cent, and government bonds are selling at prices indicating net returns of $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. In former times it used to be the rule that a regular bull movement should be preceded by a considerable and prolonged advance in the values of investment bonds. There's something highly incongruous in purchasing speculative stocks paying regular dividends of 4 to 7 per cent while the government's tax-exempt $3\frac{1}{8}$ s are obtainable at 92.28, and Liberty fourth $4\frac{1}{4}$ s at 86.20. There surely is a bewildering variety of choice bargains available at present, more so, in fact, than there has been in a long time, if ever.

This state of affairs necessarily makes for continuous private absorption of investment paper in all parts of the country, the consequence being that quite a deal of business is lost to Wall Street. Another result is that the supplies of loanable funds in the interior are constantly encroached upon in unwonted degrees.

Railroad shares continue ostentatiously neglected, though fears of a reduction in the Northern Pacific quarterly dividend failed of materialization. There is strong evidence that foreign liquidation still is a potentially depressive factor. It is intimated that it emanates not only from England, but also from France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Under prevailing conditions, railroad values quickly reflect the pressure of even small offerings. The selling for British account, according to latest information, was mostly inspired by desire to provide the money for the redemption of England's share of the Anglo-French debt maturing in October. Precisely what the intentions of the French Government are has so far not been disclosed. There's no reason, however, for questioning the ability of France to foot the bill when presented with it. The current quotation for the Anglo-French 5s is 98 $\frac{3}{4}$; about a week ago they were held at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$. During the

dark days of 1917 the bonds were as low as 81 $\frac{1}{2}$.

There's much talk about the imminency of another accumulation of a large amount of gold for British account. About \$8,000,000 is said to have thus far been transferred to New York. The immediate outcome was a rise to \$3.95 in the value of demand sterling, which was down to 3.18 last February. That the British Government is determined to bring about further and still more substantial improvement in its credit is manifest. There's steady absorption of all the gold mined in the Transvaal. The holdings of the Bank of England have been materially added to in recent weeks. This with the intention of strengthening the reserves of the institution. The ratio of reserve to liabilities still is precariously low—hovering between 13 and 15 per cent. Before the war, it usually ranged from 45 to 53 per cent. In New York silver is quoted at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents per ounce fine, after a fall to 96 cents.

The Federal Treasury is reported to have bought 1,500,000 ounces at 99 cents from one of the leading American producers, presumably the American Smelting and Refining Company. The purchase was made in accordance with the provisions of the Pittman Act, passed in 1918. This Act authorized the melting of silver dollars for exportation to the East and the replacing of them by Federal Reserve Bank notes based on the obligations of the Government. It also called for the purchasing by the Mint, from newly produced American silver, of as many ounces as the content of the dollars that had been melted. This provision is now being complied with. A few days back, there was a difference of 9 to 10 cents between the quotations for silver of domestic and silver of foreign origin.

The bank accounts of many speculators were badly prejudiced thereby. It had been forgotten that the Pittman Act restricted Mint purchases to silver produced in the United States.

Price movements in the cotton market were decidedly feverish and irregular lately, with the tendency mostly downward. Actual losses were not severe, however. Since the last official report placed the condition of the cotton fields at only 62.4 per cent, the increased aggressiveness of the depressionistic crowd seems surprising. In 1919, the May crop condition was 75.6 per cent. The growing crop is "the worst ever known." It is, in the face of this, hard, if not impossible, to believe that the reactionary traders can conduct their raids much longer. The actual and potential needs of cotton are greater today than they have ever been. Continental supplies are well nigh exhausted. Save for the inordinately high prices Germany, Belgium, Austria, Italy, and Poland would be heavy buyers at the present time. The trade situation is such as to justify expectations of highly exciting speculative maneuvers on the Cotton Exchanges at an early date.

A seat on the New York Stock Exchange was transferred the other day for a consideration of \$100,000. The inference to be drawn from this is that the financiers and brokers are in a very hopeful mood concerning the future of stock speculation. Virtually all member-



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ships transferred in the past year fetched from \$95,000 to \$100,000. It is proper to infer, also, that another boisterous bull boom will put in an appearance in due time.

Finance in St. Louis

On the local Stock Exchange business continues on a modest scale. There are no features of special interest. Holders are sitting tight. They believe that tendencies are in the right direction and that a general forward movement will be started as soon as high finance has come to the conclusion that political prospects are reassuring to the financial and industrial interests. There was quite a little inquiry for National Candy common lately; the price was raised to 131.12½. The 7 per cent first preferred is quoted at 102½; eighty-five shares changed hands at this figure. Wagner Electric, on which the regular quarterly dividend of \$2 has just been declared, is selling at 105 and 106. Ely-Walker first preferred is priced at 100; two shares were sold the other day. Money remains rather tight in St. Louis, but the best opinion is that the crisis is past and that credit facilities will be sufficiently ample, by and by, to cover the requirements incidental to the gradual broadening of industrial production and the harvesting and marketing of crops.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
First National Bank.....	205
Liberty Bank.....	200
National Bank of Commerce.....	134½	138
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	280
Title Guaranty Trust.....	70
Carleton Dry Goods pfd.....	90	91½
Central C. & C. com.....	82½
Certain-tyed Pfd. 1st pfd.....	67½
Consolidated Coal.....	99
Ely & Walker D. G. 1st pfd.....	43	47
Hydraulic P. Brick pfd.....	6½
do com.....	7½	7½
Indianapolis Refining Co.....	43½
Marland Refining Co.....	72
Mo. Portland Cement.....	139½	140
Nat. Candy com.....	100	103
Rice-Stix D. G. Co. 1st pfd.....	29
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	41
Temtor A.....	6½
United Railways pfd.....	50
East St. L. & Sub. 5s.....	43¾	44
United Railways 4s.....	110
Kinloch L. stock.....	75	80
St. L. Brew. Association 6s.....		

Answers to Inquiries

STOCKHOLDERS, St. Louis.—The American Can Company is in good financial condition. Earnings are on the increase right along. The 1919 surplus was \$2,293,894, after all charges, including taxes and dividends. Profit and loss surplus stood at \$21,830,295 on December 31. There's no reason why you should liquidate your preferred stock at a loss of twelve points. This is an excellent time for sticking to meritorious securities. One should never sell in a period of depression, unless absolutely forced to do so.

INQUIRER, St. Louis.—(1) Don't hesitate about increasing your holdings of Liberty first 4s, quoted at 85.60. The depreciation has been extensive and a sharp recovery is bound to ensue before a great while. A further serious fall in the price is unlikely. The course of general deflation has been pretty well discounted in the market for investment securities. (2) The Lehigh Valley 6s, selling at 92¾, are all right. Enter order at 91.

M. R. O'B., Hartington, Nebr.—American Smelting & Refining preferred is an investment rather than a speculation. The 7 per cent has been paid regularly since incorporation in 1899. At the ruling price of 90¾ the net yield is 7.80 per cent. The stability of the dividend is not to be questioned. Four per cent is paid on the common. The company is one of the greatest producers of silver in the world.

READER, Billings, Mont.—You will undoubtedly make a mistake if you sell your U. S. Food Products at 67½, the present quotation. The company is reporting big earnings. The full yearly dividend of \$8 was earned in the first quarter of this year three times over. Capitalization is not excessive. The total stock is \$30,772,000. Bonded indebtedness is less than \$7,000,000. The stock was as high as 91¾ last year.

REGULAR, Rome, N. Y.—Erie common is a pretty slow speculation. The current price of 11½ is only two points above the lowest on record. The stock is quite active in periods of bullish activity, and it is not altogether improbable that you may yet obtain a chance to sell at your price of 26½. The highest on record is 52¾. It was reached about fourteen years ago. There appears to have been heavy selling for British account in recent times. In years gone by Erie used to be a great favorite with British speculators.

Coming Shows

The Nine Grenadier Girls, a singing band, and Stan Stanley, the popular vaudeville and movie comedian, and his company, in "A Theatre Patron," are entertaining large audiences at the Grand Opera House this week. The Grenadier Girls' program contains a dozen fine numbers, and their act is beautifully staged. Jimmy Savo, eccentric comedian, is ably assisted by Joan Franza in his skit, "A Salvo of Screams." Ambler Brothers are living up to their reputation as America's leading equilibrists. Other meritorious numbers are Rose, Ellis and Rose, "The Jumping Jacks," Robison and Penny, "The Boys from Jazzland," Lew Huff, "The Nutty Hatter," Ford and Goodrich, in "While You Wait," and Larue and Dupree, Russian Sand artists. The Fashion Plate Minstrels, a suggestion in musical comedy, will head next week's bill.

"The Spirit O' Mardi Gras," Gil Brown's excellent musical revue, heads the Columbia bill. The production is beautifully staged and it is presented by an exceptionally capable company of twelve entertainers, including Amelda Victoria, whose ability as a singer of syncopated songs is especially praiseworthy. Other good vaudeville acts are the Syncopated Symphony Septet; The Rosa King Trio, tight wire artists; Ferguson and Sunderland, singing and dancing, and Monroe Brothers, "The Bouncing Babies." The feature picture is Edith Day (late star of the big New York musical success, "Irene") in "Children Not Wanted."

Our Municipal Opera

The second week of Municipal Opera went even better than the first, Friday evening recording the largest paid attendance in the history of the theatre. A distinguished patron was Alfred Peters, lecturer, of Sheffield, England, who secured data on the enterprise as one of the American topics on which he will lecture throughout Great Britain during the coming season.

The play this week is "Waltz Dream," a musical comedy of more than ordinary charm by Joseph Herbert and Oscar Strauss. The story is of a petty prince, Joachim III (Raymond Crane), who espouses his only daughter to a gay and handsome lieutenant, Niki (Warren Proctor), who in turn is in love with the beautiful singer, Franz (Irene Pavloska). The bride, Helene (Lillian Crossman), sincerely loves her husband and engages Franz to teach her the arts of flirtation in order that she may win her husband's heart. All innocent that they both love the same man, Franz aids Helene to the uttermost and succeeds so well with her pupil that the final act finds Niki swearing love to Helene to the strains of the same tune to which he once swore the same tale to Franz. The opera closes with everyone happy but Franz, who creeps away with a broken heart, although she deserves a much better fate. Transportation arrangements are excellent.

The suburban night was being made hideous by the howling of a dog whose soul was lonely, and the strolling police officer paused to speak to the citizen, who, standing at his gate, was evidently listening to the canine racket. "Awful racket!" the officer observed. "Fierce!" the citizen agreed. "Want to make a complaint?" the officer suggested zealously. "Why—er—not until I am sure," the citizen responded. "Sure of what?" "Why, whether that is my dog or Brown's. If it's my dog—oh, well, we have to put up with a few little annoyances in this life, you know; but if it is Brown's, why, by George, I don't propose to have my life made miserable by a nuisance like that."

"A penny for your thoughts." So the old saying had it. "Well?" "But I just had to pay 38 cents for overdue postage on some little thoughts of mine that came back in a bulky envelope."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Unregenerate

In the Zone Foreign Office a letter was received inquiring about a bond which the soldier had purchased. His letter was rather incoherent and the office was unable to identify the case. So a letter went back to the soldier asking for more information and incidentally whether it was a converted bond. "Naw, the bond wasn't converted," wrote back the soldier, "and I don't want it messed up in religion either. You jest send it on to me like 'twas."

It seems to me I have already heard some of the stories told by this monologist. "Perhaps you have." "Yes?" "He's a retired bartender who has gone into vaudeville."—*Houston Post.*

Blase

Dr. A. A. Hamerschlag, head of the Carnegie Institute, said at a dinner party recently: "I respect that Kansas school principal who forbade the young girls to wear silk stockings or to powder their faces. Even in Kansas the young girls are getting altogether too sophisticated. I heard the other day of a male drawing teacher out in Kansas who said to a little girl of twelve: 'Minnie, you've neglected your work shamefully and you must remain with me an hour after school.' Minnie shrugged her thin little shoulders. 'Well, professor,' she said, 'if your wife doesn't mind, I'm sure I don't.'"

Thirty Years of Public Service

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for the Monday holiday (July 4th is a Sunday this year) remember that the Statler will serve on Monday, July 5th, a fixed-price dinner, noon to 8 p. m., at \$2 per plate.

The popularity of these special dinners is in their real goodness. The quality is that of the Statler's a la carte dishes—which is to say the best food that can be bought, prepared by chefs of long experience and training.

Patriotic music, pleasant surroundings, a good dinner. Reserve tables by phone.

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BROWNS vs. CLEVELAND, June 28, 29, 30

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